

THE RED CIRCLE

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE.

Author of "The Fighter," "Caleb Conover," "Sister From the Saddle," Etc. Novelized from the Pathé Photo Play of the Same Name by WILL M. RITCHIE.

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(Synopsis of Previous Installment.)

The next morning, while on the porch, the monkey, June, determined to save the antelope from further abuse.

A red circle tracks, who leaves from her nurse, Mary, that she is a member of the supposedly extinct Borden family of Boston.

OTHERS—Detective Lester, baffled by June's benevolent crimes, trails Alma (Sam), who had ridden from "Smiling Sam's" jewel shop, to the beach hotel ball, having a painted red circle as a blind. June herself is a victim, losing a necklace.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

FEW seconds later, as she was leaving the porch, Mary called to her from the door and came toward her rapidly, her hands outstretched.

"Where are you going?" she asked, anxiously.

"Just for a walk on the beach."

"You know it tires you terribly to walk in the sand, dear," June said, a little impatiently. "Why do you come?"

"Because I'm not going to let you out alone—so long as you have that mark on your hand."

June looked down. She smiled, intensely relieved. The circle had disappeared. She held up the hand triumphantly.

"Now, are you afraid?" she inquired archly. "Now that I'm no longer branded?"

"I just as afraid. And I'm going with you."

June sighed with exaggerated resignation.

"All right, Mrs. Calamity; come along."

"You see," said June as they walked over the sands, "I have to hold you. It's hard enough to hold you, so I'll just sit in this spot, and wait for some old woman like—old woman, indeed!" Mary interrupted, huffily.

Pietro scrambled to his feet, choking with rage. A torrent of sound welled up. "Because you are an old dear, whatever else you are; and I can't stay angry at you more than two seconds. I love you too much. Sit right down here on this old wreck and rest now—no more running like a steam engine."

"I'm not!"

"You are. Don't say any more about it, but look right there over the water and count the seagulls. If you count more than ten I'll treat you to an ice cream cone."

"I don't want any ice cream cone," Mary protested weakly. "They make my teeth ache."

"What you wouldn't put up with a little thing like a toothache to help along the poor ice cream man, when business is so bad this morning, too?"

The exclamation was sudden—and sharp. Mary jumped up, startled by what's that? What's the matter? What's the matter, dear?"

Pietro appealed to the others, hunching his shoulders until they touched the tips of his ears, stretching out his arms in mournful petition. Mary stepped forward and spoke to the officer.

"It seems that someone stole his monkey. He's showing you the cut on his arm, his shoulder."

The policeman raised his cap.

"I didn't see you at first, Miss Mary," he said presently. "Yes, I understand that someone had copied your name, but what he's getting at, drawing this mark on the back of his hand and moving his fingers like he was cutting paper?"

"As near as I can make out," Mary answered slowly, "the person who stole the animal cut the rope with scissors and had a mark of some kind on the back of his hand."

"A mark," the policeman jumped eagerly at the word. "Say, was it a red mark—a Red Circle?" he asked Pietro excitedly.

Seeing at last someone who seemed to understand, Pietro went back into Italian hysteria and threatened another fond embrace. The policeman dodged adroitly and turned again to Mary.

"You've been on the beach sometimes, haven't you? Do you remember seeing anyone go past with a monkey?"

"Certainly," the old woman replied promptly. "I remember distinctly seeing a young woman on the beach with a monkey. I never dreamed that she had stolen it. I thought she was a thief. You know how much so much in the papers, nowadays, about women having monkeys for pets."

Pietro fell on his knees before her, his eyes wide with admiration. "She's the prettiest girl I ever seen," he said, his voice tremulous with emotion. "She's the prettiest girl I ever seen."

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LOST AND FOUND

BIRCH'S sounds of furious imprecation, that were little because nobody in the fast-gathering crowd could understand them.

In the distance, June ran into the entrance to Surfton park and round a stone girded by shrubbery, in the midst of which stood a giant tree with an absurdly thick trunk.

The monkey sniffed affectionately at her chin and raised his little paw; as if trying to insist that, in spite of all which had been said about him, by June, he was a very decent and play-

ful creature.

June hugged him up to her, cut the rope close to his collar, and started to take off his ludicrous Little hat and coat.

All undressed, as he was meant to be, the monkey reverted to type and made a long leap at an overhanging branch. June looked up at the low-swinging foliage.

"Of course, you want to get up there, you poor, ill-treated Little beastie," she whispered to him. "That's what I stole you for. Take you, too. See! Thank you to the lady and shake hands."

She reached up and pulled the branch down to her. Then she waited to see what he would do. With just one resolute look, as though to say, "I'm not ungrateful," he leaped from her arms and scampered up the tree. On a high branch he sat down and looked at her.

June waved him up, but he stayed on her shoulder, looking at her with a smile.

He chattered back, noisy, that he would; and the next instant he was lost in the dense, overhead boughs.

Back on the beach, Mary watched jealously, fearing Pietro, and tried desperately to decide what the wisest move would be. His eyes, full of fear, betrayed a larger crusade in a few minutes.

It flushed upon her, suddenly, that there was a way of protecting June, even now. With the wrap still on her, she ran toward the screaming Halleys. Indications that she was going to release him, Mary unbuckled the strap, just as a policeman came running up.

Pietro scrambled to his feet, choking with rage. A torrent of sound welled up. "Because you are an old dear, whatever else you are; and I can't stay angry at you more than two seconds. I love you too much. Sit right down here on this old wreck and rest now—no more running like a steam engine."

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(Continued on page 2)

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